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Few present day writers have had as interesting a career as that of Ralph D. Paine, whose latest story of university life, *The Stroke Car*, is to be issued in a few days by the Outing Publishing company. Mr. Paine's college course at Yale is proof conclusive that athletics and literary culture are not incompatible. He made the varsity crew in 1891 his freshman year—in itself an unusual achievement—and also rowed on the crews of 1892 and 1893. Moreover, he has the distinction of being the only crew man who has ever been chairman of the Yale Literary Magazine, and in his senior year won a conspicuous literary prize, by an essay on the novels of Thomas Hardy. At present Mr. Paine is living a short distance outside of Salem, Mass., on his farm where, he says, "I am going in for raising sheep next year, with a golf course as a by-product."

Of all the books from the pen of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the one that has gone into the most homes and made its appeal to the most hearts, and has incidentally secured his reputation, is his revolutionary novel, *The Story of Dr. Mitchell*. Had he written no other book save that one, the name of Dr. Mitchell would have been known throughout the length and breadth of this great country. Its chief appeal is, of course, its human interest, but added to that is its connection with the early history of our country and its very vivid portrayal of life in revolutionary days. Dr. Mitchell's new holiday gift book, which the Philadelphia house of George W. Jones & Co. is issuing this month, deals with this same period, being a story of Valley Forge under the caption, "A Venture in 1777." The tale is not a long one, but it is said to be an admirable piece of work, while the makeup of the book is very nearly perfect.

Microscopic is the eye of the modern reader, though general opinion holds that now he who reads runs. The unwary author is bound to be caught napping. Meredith Nicholson, who prides himself on his careful accuracy, ventures, in *The Little Brown Jug* at Kildare, to speak of robins nesting above the grave of a certain cathedral churchyard at Columbia, S. C. Now comes the secretary of the Historical commission of South Carolina to deny very vigorously that the robins could be there. Robins, it seems, do not prevail in the Palmetto state in nesting time. He brands the author as a nature faker. Mr. Nicholson avers in reply that he knows a robin from a red bird, and that he saw 'em with his own eyes. Whatever the truth may be, one would suppose that the ordinary reader of *The Little Brown Jug* would be kept so busy swallowing whoopeys he would not strain at a robin or two.

The celebration of Founders' week in Philadelphia has caused all loyal citizens to brush up their knowledge of local history, for, as one cultured Philadelphian remarked, "The celebration only served to show me how little of the city's history I really knew." Book-sellers and librarians of the Quaker City report that there has been an unusual demand for all books bearing on early local history, and the publishers of Dr. Ellis Paxson Oberholzer's "Lit-

erary Philadelphia," state that the sales of this book have been greatly augmented. In this connection it is interesting to note that it was Dr. Oberholzer who planned and carried out the elaborate historical pageant which was such a success on Friday of Founders' week.

The funny pictures and captions by Mr. Walt Kuhn have been collected and are being made into a book by Life Publishing Company, under the title "A Little Bird Told Me." Mr. Kuhn's wise owls, loquacious parrots and saucy sparrows are known everywhere that line drawings are printed, and have furnished fun for young and old. "A Little Bird Told Me" will be out early in December.

The new Geo. W. Cable book "Kincardine's Battered" has just been brought out by the Scribners.

The December Atlantic opens with a Christmas talk by S. M. Crothers. The Bayonet-Poker is his theme, for such an implement stands by his own study fire, devoted now to a wholly peaceful purpose, and the essayist takes it as symbolical of the coming of international peace. In *Ghosts*, Frank Crane protests against the inherited notions which we imagine to be convictions of our own. Again this month the Atlantic presents an important article by President Pritchett of the Carnegie foundation on the Organization of Higher Education. Other articles of social and political importance are "The New View of Charity," by Edward T. Devine, Civic Righteousness via Percentages, by R. L. Bridgman, and Races in the United States, by W. Z. Ripley. This latter is a startling presentation of facts in regard to population changes in our country based on an immense amount of data collected by Professor Ripley. To the lovers of music is addressed the article Enter Herr Kapellmeister, by William E. Walter; and the world of outdoors is represented by Mr. Raymond S. Spears' original article on the tracks of wild animals, which he calls Reading the Snow. Turning to the field of letters, Stephen Phillips as a Writer of Tragedy is a fine criticism on one who may now be called the most important of contemporary poets; while the centenary of Edgar Allen Poe is marked by John Macy's article, The Fame of Poe. The Last Two Years in Italy, by Homer Edmiston, is a keen analysis of the conditions political and social in the Italy of the present day. The stories have the taste of Christmas in *A Beggar's Christmas*, by Edith Wyatt. The Poor, by Henry C. Rowland, Any Son, by a new writer, C. B. McLean, and Across the Creek, by Lucy Pratt. For poems, there are *The Rhyme of the Voyager*, by Evelyn Phinney, To R. P. C. with a Baton, by Grace Hazard Conkling, The Play, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe, and God's Hour-Glass, by R. Valentine Heckscher.

That the author of *The Martyrdom of an Empress* was not born to the usages of Saxon speech is recalled by the announcement that her new novel, *The Cradle of the Rose*, just published by the Harpers, has been written by her not only in the beautiful English of which she has acquired such rare mastery, but also in her native French, for publication in Paris. Many novels

have received the compliment of translation, though the translator has seldom succeeded in entering into the spirit of the writer; but this, so far as we are aware, is the first novel that has ever been written by an author in two languages at the same time. The *Cradle of the Rose* deals with a royalist conspiracy, in which the leading aristocracy of the ancient Duchy of Brittany are concerned, and, by a curious coincidence, one of the most attractive figures in the book will be easily recognized as the young royal prince of France now traveling in this country.

PALMIST BOWSER.

The Bowers had finished dinner and returned to the sitting room, when Mr. Bowser walked down the hall to his overcoat and returned with a small book in his hand and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, Professor Kincardine happened into the office this afternoon, and I had quite an interesting conversation with him."

"What's he a professor of?" was asked.

"Of palmistry, of course. You must have read and heard of him a hundred times over."

"I have read of so many of those fakirs that I don't pretend to remember names."

"There's no fakir about Kincardine, and you have no right to class him with them. He is a wonderful man, and his books on palmistry are in the hands of tens of thousands."

"And you bought one of them?" she sarcastically queried.

"Look here, woman, I don't like your tone," replied Mr. Bowser. "You can't discuss a matter without sneering we won't discuss at all. Yes, I bought one of his books and I also paid him \$3 for a lesson on how to read the hand, and it has been money well spent. I was going to read your hand, but seeing you are so snippy about it I don't do it."

"Mr. Bowser, are you silly enough to believe that the lines in one's palm amount to any more than the lines on the soles of their feet?"

"What! What! You don't believe they do?"

"Certainly I don't. You might just as well look at my teeth and attempt to read my character. A person is as he is, no matter about the lines in the hand. He'd be what he is if there were no lines at all."

"By thunder, woman, but you make me tired!" exploded Mr. Bowser. "You are disputing a fact as big as a house. You might as well deny that the sun shines by day. In one minute after the professor looked into my hand he told me all about myself."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said that I had a great deal of sentiment about me, and that poetry was my natural forte."

"Oh, he did? And did you tell him that you couldn't write a verse of poetry to save your neck?"

"That's because you were always around and putting in your gab and spoiling everything, and I told him so. He said that I had great business acumen, and you know that's so."

"Yes. Did you tell him that you were once all ready to invest \$10,000 in a chicken farm that you thought would bring you in \$400 a year income?"

"No, I didn't, because it is not so. I'd have been making a clean \$25,000 a year from it but for you."

"And how about the flying machines, the fire escapes, the burglar alarms and the numerous fall and spring pigs?"

"They would have been bargains, every one, but for you. You were determined I should make a failure. That's what the professor said—that some malign influence was always defeating my efforts to acquire wealth."

"The new Geo. W. Cable book 'Kincardine's Battered' has just been brought out by the Scribners."



"A BOY HANDED HIM A NOTE AND DEPARTED."

"Thanks to the professor," smiled Mrs. Bowser. "You are a natural born poet, and you have great acumen as a business man. What else?"

"He said I had one of the best dispositions in the world, but there was an evil influence over it."

"Which is me, of course. Thanks some more. Couldn't he read your future from the lines in your palm?"

"Of course he could, and he did. He said that I would hear great news on the side of a day. He said I would get some money I didn't expect. He said that a stranger would call on me to form a business partnership with him, and that if I accepted it would lead to wealth. He also said that something was going to occur almost immediately to perturb me. Something has it is your conduct here this evening."

"That was a pretty good guess for a fakir."

"Fakir! Fakir! Mrs. Bowser, I forbid you to use that term in connection with the Professor again. I won't stand it. Just because you are an ignorant little fellow like insulting all intelligent people."

"Well, let's not discuss it farther. You believe in palmistry, and we'll let it go at that. The Professor predicted that you would hear great good news within a day. There's a ring at the bell. It is probably some one with the news you are looking for."

Mr. Bowser went down the hall and opened the door. A boy handed him a note and departed. Mr. Bowser returned to the sitting room to read and Mrs. Bowser saw a look of disappointment and chagrin come over his face. He was notified that a man who owed him \$2,000 had gone into bankruptcy and wouldn't be able to pay two cents on the dollar. He tried to suppress the news, but Mrs. Bowser insisted, and when she had it she said:

"That's the great good news. What a wonderful man your Professor is! I wonder what particular line in your palm he got that from! If there's a bankruptcy line there you'd better take some sandpaper and get rid of it."

Mr. Bowser stood and glared at her, but made no reply. He'd been thinking on getting that \$2,000 the next week. He had walked up and down the room for five minutes when there

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"THE DOOR WAS OPENED TO ADMIT A STRANGER."

came another ring at the bell, and Mrs. Bowser said:

"The Professor is certainly a great man on future predictions. There's a ring, and you had best go and get the money you didn't expect. Perhaps some old maid has died and left you a legacy."

"And perhaps I'll settle your case when I return?" replied the palmist as he passed down the hall.

It was another boy and another note. As the note was opened a nickel fell out. The note was from an acquaintance whose street car fare Mr. Bowser had paid that morning, and who wrote that he didn't want to under obligations, even in the matter of nickels.

"Professor Kincardine is certainly a wonderful man," said Mrs. Bowser as she turned away, "and I am beginning to believe there may be something in this matter. Just think of it! You did not expect money and here you get a whole nickel all at once!"

"Woman, do you realize that you are getting very close to the dead-line?" asked Mr. Bowser in husky tones as he looked at her with scolding knives in his eyes.

"But I'm not doing anything. I'm simply telling you that I have changed my opinion somewhat. If the man only comes and asks you to go into partnership with him I shall have to admit that the lines in the palm really mean something. Do you think he will come?"

"Do I? Do I? I don't care a darn whether he does or not! I set out to discuss a matter with you, and—"

"And the bell rings, my dear. That must be the man. If it is I will make the professor a written apology."

Mr. Bowser didn't hurry any. He felt in his bones that a new solar-plexus blow awaited him. The door was opened to admit a stranger, who gave his name as Sykes, and who asked for a private word. When he had been taken into the library he whisperingly stated that he held a recipe for making cider

vinegar from iron filings, rain water and acid, and was looking for a partner. He was going on to tell about the profits to be made when Mr. Bowser pointed to the door and told him to hustle. A minute later he snaked down the hall and got into his overcoat and slipped out doors. Mrs. Bowser heard him go, but she did not call after him. She was awake at 2 o'clock in the morning when he came home, but she pretended sleep. As he bumped about the bedroom she heard him blast the professor and palmistry, but she never smiled. She knew he had suffered, and she was good to him. (Copyrighted, 1903, by T. C. McClure.)

Societies, Attention! We wish to secure a complete roster of all clubs, secret societies, lodges, associations and similar organizations, together with the secretary's address, and day and place of meeting for the new city directory. Secretaries will confer a favor by giving this their immediate attention. Either mail or phone to us. POLK-RADGERS DIRECTORY CO., 110 East Eighth Avenue, Ind. Phone 1462.

An event of more than usual interest will be the address Sunday, December 6 at 3 p. m., at the Majestic theater to men. Dr. Johnston has held pulpits of the first importance in Des Moines, Colorado Springs, Chicago and New York. Dr. Johnston's standing is shown by the fact that he was sent by the Presbyterian church to make a round the world study of the work in all its foreign mission stations. He is not only a great preacher, but a writer of note. His book, "Scientific Faith," is said by Dr. Estey of this city, to be the greatest book on this subject he ever read. Dr. Johnston's subject Sunday afternoon will be Scientific Faith. He will deal in a masterly manner with the "Religious Doubts." All men should hear him. Take a friend.

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